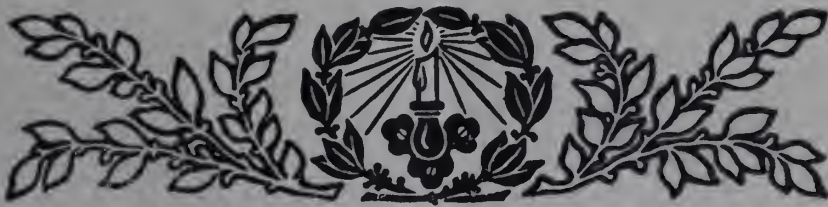


The Register



Boston Latin School

January, 1910

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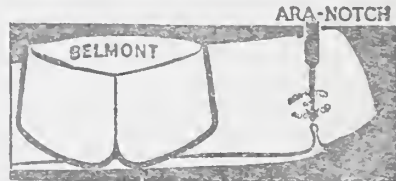
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIX., No. 4

JANUARY, 1910

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THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.

"Hello, Bobby, old boy! Coming to chapel?" It was Arthur Blake who called, buttoning his coat as he ran.

"Sure! But we've got some minutes yet. What's your hurry?" answered the imperturbable "Bobby."

"Nothing. Say, did you see the bunch out for the eleven yesterday afternoon?"

"No. Many out?"

"You bet! Nearly forty. And what do you think? Charlie Sims is out for quarterback. Just think of——"

But the bell for chapel put an end to the conversation. Nevertheless, Bob Hill did some rapid thinking during the time for prayers, and he decided to corner

Blake after the exercises and learn the rest of the news. The thought of Sims, who was the wealthiest fellow in Glenville Academy and generally conceded to be a milksop, with a dirty face and his usually immaculate hands soiled, was too much for Bob, and he nearly laughed in the middle of the prayer. After chapel he did corner Blake and learned that only one man besides Sims was out for the position of quarter. The regular quarter-back and his "sub" had graduated the preceding June, so the field was open for the best man. Bob was thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a quarterback, having played in that position on his class

team the year before. He decided to report to the coach that very afternoon.

Accordingly, Bob got out his togs, dressed and reported at the field for practice at the time set. Charlie Sims was already there, dressed in a suit painfully clean and new. Bob reported to the coach, and was set to work catching punts. At first glance it was easy to see that Sims was hopelessly out of the running. The other candidate for the position, a freshman named Flusser, seemed to know what he was about, and handled himself cleanly.

"There's the fellow who will give me a rub for my job," thought Bob to himself. "I will have to keep my eye out for him. Here's where I've got my work cut out for me."

Bob certainly did have his work cut out for him, and for the rest of the day he worked like a Trojan. After a hard workout, the men trotted around the field and then went in. That evening Bob felt sore in every bone. His slightest move would be followed by a pain somewhere, from his head down to his feet. Nevertheless, he went down to the field for practice the following afternoon. The ball was passed, and caught, and fallen on, until Bob thought that every bone in his body was broken. Every day that week practice was held, and the two candidates for quarterback still stood about even in matters. In the few scrimmages held, the two acquitted themselves with equal honors, though Bob's team usually worked better than Flusser's, owing to Bob's knowledge of the men under him. The first game was to be played on the following Wednesday, and the choice for quarterback lay entirely with the coach. No choice was made until the afternoon before the game, when, after the practice,

the coach announced that Flusser would play the first half, and Bob the second. This satisfied both men, and was generally conceded to be a fair show to both. Bob himself was greatly pleased at the choice, as it gave the coach a chance to compare him with Flusser while "under fire," and he was confident that he would show a superiority.

Glenville's opponents were from a small military academy, and although rather light, were fast and well trained. Time after time they slipped through the line, and especially around the ends, only to be stopped by Glenville's secondary defence. Once Glenville got possession of the ball, however, their heavy backs ploughed through the "near-soldiers" line as if it were made of paper. Glenville made one touchdown in the first half. Bob made his debut in the second half. Glenville scored again in this half. The opinion of the spectators after the game was that Bob outplayed Flusser. Not only did the team work better under his direction, but he also pulled off two fine forward passes successfully. These helped immensely toward the second touchdown; indeed, the last pass was the very play on which the score was made. Bob felt pretty well satisfied with himself, and secretly decided that the coach would surely put him on the regular team.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, however, and Bob had that self-satisfied feeling knocked out of him the next day, when the coach lined the first and second teams up, with Flusser on the former and Bob on the latter. At first his playing suffered from his amazement and chagrin, but he soon got over that feeling and played for all he was worth. He encouraged his team to better efforts, and the first team was held for downs.

This advantage was not allowed to be made use of, however, for the ball was again given to the first team. Bob, playing far back, kept up a continual chatter of advice and encouragement, and in a short while the first team was again held for downs. This time the second team was allowed to keep the ball. "Now," thought Bob, "is my chance." It certainly was his chance, and he made the best of it. Under his cheery influence the ball was advanced slowly but surely. Flusser was working hard to make his men hold, but his efforts were not very successful. Suddenly the coach stopped the play.

"Flusser," he called, "change places with Hill. Lively now! Get into it, all."

Bob thought the action rather queer. Just as he had got his team running smoothly, the coach had stepped in and had given Flusser a chance to benefit by his hard work. He must make the best of it, nevertheless, and show the coach that he could do just as well with the first team. Acting on these thoughts, he began to shout a stream of encouragement to the regulars. The second team still continued to gain, but it was noticeable that the gains were not so long, and that the line of the first team was stiffening. Soon only very short gains were made, and finally Flusser was forced to call for a punt. The practice ended shortly afterward, without a score having been made by either team. As Bob was entering the "gym," the coach called him aside, and explained the reason for his conduct that afternoon.

"I suppose, Hill," he said, "that you thought I had some grudge against you this afternoon. Nothing to it! I simply saw that you were feeling a little 'chesty' about yesterday's game, and I decided to take it out of you. Hereafter, unless you

get to feeling 'chesty' again, I will let you run the regulars. Play hard, use your head, and you will keep your place."

Bob could at first say nothing. His brain was in a whirl. A hundred thoughts entered his mind. He started to thank the coach, but was told to run along and get a good rub-down. Bob seemed to be in a sort of trance, and put on his clothes mechanically. That night his lessons lay neglected. He spent his time writing letters to his mother and sisters. When he went to bed he lay flat on his back, thinking. Several times he tried to give himself up to the "arms of Morpheus," but that individual must have been too busy to tend to him. The clock had long since tolled the hour of midnight when he finally closed his eyes in sleep. That night Bob dreamed of making a long run, only to be tackled five yards from his opponents' goal line; then a great mass fell on him and he felt smothered. He yelled, "Down! Down!" as loud as he could—and woke up to find himself clutching a pillow as if his life depended on it, and the room echoing with his yelling.

Practice was held nearly every day, weather permitting, and Bob played quarterback on the first team regularly. Once or twice he took Flusser's place, to awaken some life and interest in the second team, but generally the coach gave him the benefit of all he knew about the duties of a quarterback.

One night Bob lay in bed thinking how he could better himself. A lucky thought came to him. The next day he received permission from the coach to "cut practice" for that afternoon. Taking the noon train, he went to Boxford, a small country town not far away. Boxford proudly boasted of its Academy, called Drayton Academy, Glenville's bitter rival in all

athletics. Boxford also boasted of its paper, and the editor of the paper, in turn, proudly boasted of his sporting page. In this sporting page were recorded with special fervor the mighty deeds of Drayton Academy. Every single scrap of athletic news from Drayton was set down in two special columns, and Drayton was lauded to the skies. Bob went to the office of this famous newspaper, bought a copy of every paper issued since Drayton's practice began, and directed that a copy should be sent him every day until Thanksgiving. He then took the next train home.

When he got to his room he noticed the huge bundle of papers, arranged them in order of their dates, and sat down to work. Taking a notebook, he set down every fact which he could find that would be of any use to him about the Drayton football team. Every play, the weakness of every player, the impressions he received from the perusal of each batch of news, everything, in fact, about the Drayton football team, Bob set down neatly and systematically. So interested did he become in his work that he forgot about supper, forgot all about lessons and school—remembered only that he was getting facts with which to beat Drayton. Although all lights were put out, or supposed to be put out, at ten o'clock, that fact did not prevent Bob from laying awake and thinking about what he had written. His general impression of the whole of Drayton's preliminary season was that Drayton was playing a very open game. In nearly every paper, he reflected, he had noticed something said about the forward pass. The onside kick also seemed to be receiving a great deal of attention at Drayton, and had been used successfully in every one of the three

games which Drayton had played that year. Something must be done, thought Bob, to prepare Glenville for those plays. He must—he—must—but sleep overtook him, and he thought no more about Drayton that night.

Every day Bob carefully examined both the Boxford paper and any other paper he could lay his hands on. He noted down every scrap of information, whether he thought it newspaper talk or not. His book was rapidly being filled with information which he knew would be of the greatest value to him near the end of the season. He inaugurated a new help, and wrote down a weekly review of his impressions. Then, at last, came the day which he had been looking forward to. After practice, on the day just three weeks before the game, he took his precious book and went to the coach's rooms. There he showed him all that he had written, his weekly reviews and a general review which he had written the night before. The coach was overjoyed, and praised Bob heartily. Bob told him that he simply had acted on a sudden impulse and was glad if any good could come of it. The coach kept the book, but told Bob to keep on with his observations, however.

During this time the team had been steadily improving, and under Bob's leadership, and even more, his fine generalship, had won or tied all its games but one. But Bob had been worked up to such a pitch of excitement that he had neglected his studies, somewhat, and his marks showed it. He now strained every nerve to keep above in his studies, sitting up no more to plan how to defeat Drayton, but making his motto "Study, Pass, and then Drayton." And indeed he studied effectually, as it seems, for he

passed by a good healthy margin. And then began a trying two weeks of impatience and waiting. Every day secret-signal practice was held. The coaches were very careful of their charges, and no man was allowed to work too hard. The team was in fine condition, every man down to weight, and feeling as if a new lease of life had been granted him. Bob was drilled, drilled, drilled in this and that, in this trick play, in that forward pass. No games with outside teams were played during these two weeks—all the time available was spent on practice. Scrimmaging became less frequent, to minimize the chances of injury to the players. One of the weeks slowly passed, and Bob felt that his head was bursting with football knowledge. The game with Drayton was to be played on Thursday, the twenty-fourth of November, Thanksgiving Day. No school was held during the week. Monday slowly passed, a blackboard talk and signal practice being all that was done. Tuesday came, the morning dragged itself away with no important event to mark it in its course through history. In the afternoon the last scrimmage against the second team was held. The men did not act too lively, and at first the practice was not marked by the usual snap and go. Everything seemed to be going wrong. The coach cursed himself for allowing the men to be overtrained, and cursed them for not doing better. At last the team seemed to pull itself together and began to show a little of its old time form. The second team ceased to gain—stopped altogether—and the ball went to the first team. Now, Bob suddenly became alive again. He jumped into his place and began rattling off a string of signals. Swish! a forward pass netted fifteen yards. Bang!

Bob sent a man through tackle. So they went, down the field for a touchdown, trying out all their trick plays, fakes, forward passes, onside kicks, and straight bucking. Again the regulars were given the ball, again they went down the field for a touchdown, a perfect whirlwind. Now the coaches were jubilant. If the boys played a similar game against Drayton, victory was certain to perch on Glenville's standard. At quarter, Bob was a small-sized tornado by himself, as it were. He reeled his signals off like a graphophone. He was never at a loss what to do. He was at his best.

After the last practice of the year was ended, the second team, the goat of the year, a thing only to be used for a good purpose and then to be thrown away when the purpose was accomplished, was disbanded. The teams cheered each other to the echo, and then went to wash up and get dressed. Happily, no man had been injured in the practice, and the team was able to present its full strength, every man a veteran, and the best possible choice, for the Drayton game.

Wednesday morning comes with an overcast sky and clouds which betoken snow. The fellows have the "dumps." But the team is not allowed to do much thinking about such things as the weather. They are hustled off to the "gym" where a blackboard talk is given them, and a few words of final advice. A short resumé of all the facts known about Drayton is given, thanks to Bob's note-book. This note-book, by the way, has played a very important part in the doings of this last week. The coach has studied it, made his notes, and has based most of his plans on his knowledge of Drayton's play. Ways have been found and practiced to stop the forward passes

and onside kicks which make up a large part of Drayton's repertoire. And now the note-book has done its last duty. The afternoon passes slowly but surely, and the time is passed in playing cards. Night comes at last, bringing rest to bones weary of doing nothing.

Thursday is here at last. The morning dawns clear, with but a few clouds in the sky. The air is rather chilly, just enough of a chill to make one feel like doing something; an ideal football day. A great crowd has come from Boxford to see the game and to encourage Drayton—to "urge them on to victory" as they themselves put it. The crowds soon gather at Glenville's field, each side confident of victory. Cheers echo across from side to side, a sound to make one's heart feel glad. Here comes the Drayton team, headed by a huge specimen of mankind, the captain. Now there is a burst of cheering from the Drayton stands. But in the midst of this yelling, the Glenville stands likewise raise their cry as their team comes upon the field headed by its captain. At last the stands are silent. The "subs," looking like so many Indians in their blankets, are seated on the side lines near the middle of the field. The teams are running through signals. The rival captains meet, shake hands, and an official flips the coin. Drayton wins. She chooses the west goal with a slight wind in her favor. The Drayton stands again howl with glee as the fact becomes evident that they have won the toss. Now a Drayton back is balancing the ball on a mound of earth for the kick-off; all is ready. A whistle blows, the ball rises in the air, the Drayton line starts forward, and the great game is on.

Plump! the ball lands in the arms of one of Glenville's backs, and is tucked

away close to his body. Off he darts, his interference forming around him, only to be stopped by Drayton's giant captain after a run-back of twenty yards. Bob jumps into his place and snaps out a string of numbers. Back comes the ball, and off goes a back around Drayton's left end. Five yards—a good gain for a starter. Smash! a play through guard for two yards. The distance is gained. Again it is gained, and again, and again. Now Drayton has been pushed back to her fifteen-yard line, contesting every foot of ground stubbornly. Now Bob calls for a tackle-play. There he goes, a good gain—but no, what is that heap? A fumble, and it is Drayton's ball on her own fifteen-yard line. A rush—a good gain, another rush—another gain, and so it is, Drayton giving Glenville a taste of her own medicine. Ah! a forward pass—ten yards gained. A rush—no gain. Again but a short gain. Now Drayton is forced to punt, and the ball is caught by Bob on his own twenty-yard line, but he is tackled before he can budge an inch. So the ball goes, up and down the field, neither side scoring, both seemingly equal in power and endurance. Now the whistle blows and one-half the game has been played.

Again the teams line up—again the ball is kicked, this time by one of Glenville's men. Both sides are furious, both have played their hardest, neither have scored. Bob is on the lookout for the passes and kicks which have failed to materialize in the first half. Now Drayton's advance begins once more, and this time an onside kick is worked successfully. A forward pass is pulled off, and the ball is on Glenville's forty-yard line. The Glenville players are in a stupor. Only the shouted encouragement of Bob

helps them on. Now they are holding—it is third down, six yards to go. A Drayton man drops back to punt. Instead of punting, however, a forward pass is made and the required distance is gained. Glenville's men are furious, and are ready for anything. They hold on the first play, and there is no gain. Again the line is bucked—only three yards' gain. Drayton is forced to punt. A Glenville man runs the ball back ten yards. Now it is Glenville's turn; and Glenville uses its turn advantageously. Forward the team goes. Bob uses all his best plays—a forward pass is uncorked; eight yards' gain. Now the ball is in Drayton's territory. A few more plays and the ball is on Drayton's thirty-five-yard line. Drayton holds. Again she holds. Glenville punts. Soon Drayton reaches the middle of the field. Farther and farther they push. It is second down with seven yards to go. The next play nets Drayton but one yard. The back gets ready to punt. "But," thinks Bob, "where are the ends? Oh, there they are, both on the right end. That looks suspicious." And so, instead of dropping back to receive the punt, Bob edges over near his left end. Now the ball is snapped to the Drayton back, who dashes to the right as fast as he can. "A fake-kick," Bob yells, but at the same instant the back stops and throws the ball towards an end waiting patiently back of the Glenville line. Quick as a flash Bob sees through the ruse, and as quick as a flash he acts. Darting towards the waiting end, he jumps up in the air in front of him, and snatches the ball away from his very hands! The end makes a dive for Bob's legs, but Bob jumps to one side and the man sprawls on the ground, clutching at the air. Quickly

Bob escapes from the scrimmage, and with a clear field before him, heads for the goal posts. He has no interference, he has no one in his way; but he has someone behind him, and that someone is a fast runner. As Bob crosses the white lines, now obliterated in some parts of the field, he hears the runner coming. A glance over his shoulder tells him that his pursuer is Drayton's giant captain, and that the Draytonite will soon be upon him. He looks ahead and sees six more white streaks across the field. Now there are only five, but now the runner is closer; only four—he can feel the ground tremble under his pursuer; now he is near the third line, only fifteen yards from the goal—if he can only run faster—but his legs are going faster than ever before—they are beginning to pain, already; now he has passed the third line; he sees through a blur—two white lines, and straight ahead the goal-posts, now only a few steps to the second line—he is nearly there, one step and—but his knees are clutched in an embrace of iron, and he falls with a thud. He has only enough strength to wiggle his legs in a vain attempt to get free, and then a heavy mass falls on him and knocks the wind out of his body. His eyes become dimmed, and he knows nothing.

When Bob awoke he found the coach throwing water in his face and the doctor feeling his left shoulder. He had a dull ache in that place, and when he tried to move his arm a sharp twinge of pain shot through it. The pain made him wince, and the doctor was quick to notice it.

"I guess you'll play no more today, my lad," said he, "your shoulder's sprained, and the best place for you is bed. Come, now."

Bob was helped to his feet, and holding his arm in the most comfortable position, he limped off the field. Why he limped, he never was able to find out—perhaps it helped his shoulder, though it is doubtful. When he came to the sidelines Bob sat down, and refused to budge until he had seen "Glenville score," as he put it. His expectations were shortly fulfilled, for his captain was pushed over the line on the third down. Bob slowly

got up, and walked away. Glenville *had* scored, and won, he knew, for the time for play was nearly up. In fact, just as he left the field, leaning on the doctor, Bob heard the whistle blow, and he knew that the final score was Glenville 5, Drayton 0. After that things seemed to fade away, and when he again opened his eyes, the first thing he heard was, "Hill, Hill, Hill," shouted by a hundred voices. And Bob Hill smiled, and was happy.

A. H. O., '10.

ATHLETICS.

The men who won the coveted "L" in football this year were Gorman, Herson, O'Hare, Burnett, Murray, Halligan, J. Hillins, Hanlon, White. Sexton also, although he did not play on the first team, was awarded the honor with the above men, because of his faithful endeavor and perseverance during the four years that he has been out with the squad. This is the first instance of this kind that we can remember but the precedent is indeed a good one. Certainly a man who has faithfully served on the second team each football season during his four years' course in the school and received all the many hard knocks and the little glory that is always the lot of the second team, although he may have been so light, or some such drawback as to prevent his making the first team, nevertheless when he reaches his final year he deserves some consideration at the hands of the Advisory Committee. Since it is the custom in this school to give but one sweater in each sport to any candidate, even though he may be fortunate enough to make the same team several years in

succession, the names of Captain Madden, Tate, Ayer, Logan, Pendergast, Temple, and Van Etten do not appear in the above list. Although nearly half of these men will graduate the coming June nevertheless the outlook for a good team next year is fairly promising. "Mal" Logan, regular quarter-back during the past two seasons, has unanimously been chosen captain of the B. L. S. eleven for 1910. We wish him all success. It is hoped that the photograph of this year's team will shortly appear in the REGISTER.



The basketball season at the Latin School this year truly promises to be a successful one despite the fact that our first team has lost its first two games of the season. About fifty candidates met Coach O'Brien for the first practice on Thursday, December 2nd. Practice has been held on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week during the past month. The first team is practically decided upon and the second, and class teams will also shortly be chosen. With a little

more practice, the first team should compare favorably with that of any school in the city, for the entire five are sensational players individually, and need only team work to develop into a "crack" aggregation. Let the school as a whole give its best support to the team, and not be discouraged by the inauspicious opening of the season.

In the first league game of the season, Boston Latin was defeated by Mechanic Arts by a score of 35-32. During the greater part of the game Boston Latin was in the lead and it was only through a decided lack of team-work that they lost in the last few minutes of play. The men played very well individually but clearly showed that they had not had enough practice as a team. It was a hard game for our fellows to lose, for during the last three years, our basketball teams have lost but one league game on their own floor.

In Halligan, Coach O'Brien has certainly encountered a sensational player. Time and time again, after getting the ball from the opposing forwards, Halligan would dribble it the whole length of the floor and toss it to Fish who would shoot the basket. The playing of Grover and O'Meara for Mechanic Arts was also worthy of mention.

In the game between the second teams, Boston Latin defeated Mechanic Arts by a score of 21-19. With the score 19-19 at the end of the second half, an extra two minutes of play was called for by the referee, during which the deciding goal was made by Boston Latin. Although the score was close, the game was loosely played on both sides and was marred by the occurrence of many fouls. For Latin School, Gersumsky and Gra-

ham played well, while Bryant excelled for Mechanic Arts. The score of the first game was as follows:

B. L. S.

M. A. H. S.

Murray, r. f.

l. b., Brown, Bello, Von Lenz

Fish, l. f.....r. b., Wing

Soucy, c.....c., Phillips

Halligan, r. b.....l. f., Grover

Gorman, l. b.....r. f., O'Meara

Score—M. A. H. S., 35; B. L. S., 32.

Goals from floor—Grover, 6; Fish, 4;

Soucy, 3; O'Meara, 3; Halligan, 2; Phil-

lips, 2; Murray, 3; Brown, Wing. Goals

from fouls—Halligan, 8; Grover, 8;

O'Meara. Referee—O'Brien. Umpire

—Sullivan. Timer—Tehan. Time—15-

minute halves.

Second Teams.

B. L. S.

M. A. H. S.

Graham, Foster, r. f.....l. b., Gallene

Conlon, Keliher, Ewing, l. f.

r. b., Carlson, Peake

Murphy, McLeod, c.....c., Brown

Gersumsky, l. b.....r. f., Spear

Crowley, Craven, McLean, r. b.

l. f., Bryant

Score—B. L. S., 21; M. A. H. S., 19*.

Goals from floor—Brown, 4; Murphy,

2; Gersumsky, 2; Keliher, Ewing, Fos-

ter, Graham, Bryant. Goals from fouls

—Bryant, 8; Graham, 5. Referee—Sul-

livan. Umpire—O'Brien. Timer—Te-

han. Time—10-minute halves.

*One point awarded to Mechanic Arts for interference.

B. L. S., 22; S. B. H. S., 29.

On Tuesday, December 21, the Latin School, in her second league game, was defeated by the South Boston High

School at South Boston. The game was hotly contested and noticeably cleaner, on the part of the first team, than the Mechanic Arts High game. South Boston obtained the lead at the beginning of the first half and held it till the end of the half when the score read 19-13 in her favor. In the second half Latin "came up with a rush" and soon tied the score, 20-20. The tie continued as each team got a basket, 22-22, but finally South Boston, getting three baskets in quick succession, "clinched" the game. Soucy and Fish played well for Latin School while Halligan excelled in shooting goals from fouls. Illingworth and Grant were the stars for South Boston. The game for second teams was a "walk-over" for South Boston and was marred by the occurrence of many fouls in the second half. Gersumsky and Graham played well for Latin School while Kane of South Boston secured fifteen goals on free tries from fouls.

The line-up:

B. L. S.	S. B. H. S.
Halligan, l. b. r. f.,	Lane, McCarthy
Gorman, r. b. l. f.,	J. Grant
Soucy, c. c.,	Egan
Murray, r. f. l. b.,	Thornton
Fish, l. f. r. b.,	Illingworth

Score—Boston Latin, 22; South Boston, 29. Goals from floor—J. Grant, 6; Fish, 4; Murray, 3; Egan, 3; Illingworth, Lane, McCarthy. Goals from fouls—Halligan, 8; Grant, 4; Lane. Referee—Burke. Umpire—O'Brien. Timer—Tehan. Time—15-minute halves.

Second Teams.

Gersumsky, l. b. r. f., R. Grant, Dennis Craven, Crowley, r. b. l. f., Kane Murphy, Keliher, c. c., Casey, Wise Graham, McLean, l. f. r. b., Kindred Ewing, Conlon, r. f. . . . l. b., London, Gillis

Score—S. B. H. S., 23; B. L. S., 7. Goals from floor—Kane, 2; Grant, Gillis. Goals from fouls—Kane, 15; Graham, 6; Gersumsky. Referee—Burke. Umpire—O'Brien. Timer—Tehan. Time—10-minute halves.

Manager MacNeill has arranged the following schedule. Let the school make good use of it and attend the games.

Dec. 16—*Mechanic Arts at Latin School.

21—*South Boston High at So. Boston.

Jan. 4—*Roxbury High at Latin School.

7—East Boston High at East Boston.

11—*West Roxbury High at West Roxbury.

18—East Boston High at Latin School.

21—English High at English.

25—Dorchester High at Dorchester.

27—*Mechanic Arts at Mechanic Arts.

Feb. 1—*South Boston High at Latin School.

8—Dorchester High at Latin School.

10—*Roxbury High at Roxbury.

15—*West Roxbury High at West Roxbury.

18—English High at Latin School.

*League games.



The track team, with the exception of some of the candidates for the field events, does not appear to have begun regular work as yet. With many of our recent stars no longer in the school, or eligible for the team, there seems to be an excellent opportunity for the new men. Coach O'Reilly and Captain Evans

will doubtless do much to aid the Latin School in retaining that prestige in track athletics which she has so long enjoyed, but which recently has seemed to be declining.



L. O. Schwab has been appointed manager of the excellent hockey team which the Latin School proposes to be represented on the ice this winter. Twenty or more candidates have come out for the team. A regular schedule has been arranged and the team will be a member

of the Preparatory League, which also includes Cambridge Latin, Dorchester High, Wellesley High.

Although the baseball season ended rather disastrously for the Latin School last spring the prospects are good for having both a baseball nine, and a crew the coming season. Not many years ago the crew was one of the current sports at the Latin School. In 1907 Daly, Jowett, and Cleary made the all-interscholastic crew, and were invited to go to the Jamestown Exposition.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The school year is almost half over! The novelty of returning to school once again in September has worn off; the exciting days culminating in the annual Thanksgiving game with the English High School are passed; we have returned to school once more after the glorious Christmas holidays with a tinge of regret that is only natural; and ahead looms the "business" part of the school year. From now until the first of April, a major part of the school work is to be accomplished. The quicker and the more willingly we realize this fact the more is success assured. Although a large fraction of the year has sped by and many of our most earnest resolutions made at the commencement of the school year have perhaps failed to materialize, nevertheless the year of 1910 has now come in, offering one more opportunity for "a fair start." It is not yet too late for the fellow on the ragged edge to save himself; there is still time to show his true metal.

This is not a sermon. The subject has,

we know, been annually presented in well-meaning editorials, more or less effectively, from time immemorial. But nevertheless we truly feel that a brief word on such a subject, at this time of the year, is hardly amiss. Certainly the average boy can afford to be reminded how short is the life of man, and how short-sighted he is wilfully to waste a year of that life just for lack of a little earnest application to books. Cold weather is seductive to study if the average boy will only start right. The writer has always remembered, since his first year in the school, Mr. Stone's little talks in Room 3, wherein he emphasized the fact that *study*, when conscientiously pursued, becomes first a *habit*, and then, strange as it may seem to most of us, at last a *pleasure*. How true was his remark that, after we have studied faithfully at a chosen time each evening for a certain period, on relapsing for an evening or two into idleness, a certain vague feeling of restlessness comes upon us,—the feeling that a certain indefinable

something is wanting to our peace of mind. It is then that we know that studying has indeed become a *habit*. When such is the case, our studies, though at times irksome, do not prove such a useless bondage after all. Finally, let each boy remember that even now it is not too late to begin, and that each hour of studying during these winter months brings its own reward during the hot days and nights of early June. The more work now, the less worry—and disappointment—then. Once again, this is not a sermon. Neither is it a subject for light consideration. Unfortunately it is *hard, cold, fact*. Happily we rely on outside sources for such advice, since there are many of us who can speak through *experience*, more or less bitter.

The B. L. S. officers' party is to be held on Tuesday, February 22, 1910. The committee are Pooler, Ayer, Madden, Perrins, and Drew, of the Senior Class.

Prize Drill this year will be held at Mechanics' Building on Friday, April 1st. Is there any significance in the date?

Have you noticed the class pins of the Class of 1910 yet,—or again? Better observe them while there is yet time.

Classes IV. and O. C. IV. have been organized into four companies as follows:

Co. I, under Captain Potter of Class II.
Co. K, under Captain Teehan of Class II.

Co. L, under Captain Guild of Class II.
Co. M, under Captain Reardon of Class II.

During the drill hours, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, lectures are given by Lieut. Ranlett in the Exhibition Hall. To date, the following lectures have been listened to with interest:

- 1 The Outline of Military Organization.
- 2 Military Discipline.
- 3 The School of the Soldier.
- 4 The Manual of Arms.
- 5 The School of the Company.
- 6 Military Rank.

As yet, the boys have not begun to drill, but Lieut. Ranlett expects to get down to practical work by February. The companies are exceptionally large, sixty or more boys being assigned to each of the four.

History O. C. IV.—“In the time of Pericles no foreigners could be citizens of Athens except such as were born in Athens of Athenian mothers and fathers.”

English Class I. (Taken from declaration “Macbeth,” Act II., Scene I.)—“The labor we delight in phthysics pain.”

Explanation: “This means that this sort of labor which delights us is cured by physics.”

In the track and field competitions held at Soldiers' Field a short time ago, Arthur Sweetser, the old B. L. S. star, came in second in the 30-yard low hurdles.

“Stooky” Armstrong and “Joe” Norton, former B. L. S. players, have made the High School of Commerce basketball team. They are playing right-forward and left-back, respectively. Norton is also captain of the hockey team.

In the recent class declamations Room 7 had the pleasure (?) of hearing four of her aspiring room-mates, Daniels, O'Leary, Fleming, and Taylor, declaim a scene from *Monsieur Perrichon*. Keep it up, Room 7! Why not enter a team for the well-known “hook night” entertainment given weekly, (*so we hear*) at

a popular place of amusement not many "stades" away?

Seven candidates from the Latin School reported to Coach O'Reilly for the relay time trials at the B. A. A. track on Thursday, December 23rd.

An excellent picture of Frank Madden appeared in the *Journal* for Friday, December 24, in "*Journal's* Schoolboy Athletic Series." The article accompanying, said in part: "Madden has played football at Latin for four years and the past season was captain. He has played end, half-back, full-back, and guard. Although much lighter than the average school guard, Madden in that place has been most effective."

"What is Wrong with Our Public Schools," is the generic title of an extraordinary series of six special articles, by Joseph M. Rogers, to be published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, beginning with the January issue. Notice that there is no interrogation point after the title. It is not a question. Mr. Rogers is to deal with facts. He says in part: "There is something wrong with the public schools. More than that, there is something fundamentally wrong with our theories of education. We teach, but we do not educate. . . . This series of articles is designed to examine the defects of existing systems and to make suggestions looking toward improvement. . . . Out of 351 young men who recently offered themselves as candidates for West Point, 223 failed in the mental examination, or the physical test, or both. Of the 314 who took the mental examination, 265, or 84 per cent., failed in one or more subjects. Of this number 295 had been educated in the public schools, and had averaged three years and three months in

high schools. Furthermore, 135 had been in college a year or more. . . . Many of them had passed competitive examinations in their home districts, and none were sent up who were not supposed to be of more than ordinary ability. All of them had been given nine months' notice of examination, with instructions to prepare in given subjects (such as Algebra, through quadratics; English Grammar; Elementary English Literature and Composition; United States History, Geography, etc.) . . . Fundamentally, the trouble with our system of education is that the children learn a little about a great many things, without gaining much really definite knowledge of anything which is likely to stand them in good stead in later life; and, what is equally bad, they do not acquire methods of *accurate thinking*. . . . It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the American people that the so-called 'three R's' are not grounded in the youthful minds as they should be." . . .

Commenting on the above, it seems to us that the facts brought forth are of great significance. Certainly something is wrong. The figures presented above show that out of the great number of failures, 295 candidates had had the advantage,—equivalent in *time* at least,—of an education corresponding to over three years in our school. It might be interesting to observe how a Senior class at B. L. S. would succeed with a like set of examination papers, having received the usual nine months' notice. We make no claims, but we've got "to be shown."

The first purchasers of the new school pin are now proudly displaying its charms to the covetous eyes of their

friends. The pins are for sale at William C. Dorrety's, in the Jeweller's Building.

The Glee Club, according to unofficial reports, seems to be progressing finely. Practice is held during each week, and no little enthusiasm seems to have been awakened by Mr. Kerwin's call for candidates. We may soon expect to see our stalwart sons on the platform at Public Declamation, "invoking the Muses."

We recently had occasion to pass through the upper corridor during a study hour devoted to the room declamations. Without exception, as we passed, we could see through each open door, some flushed and excited individual standing before, or behind, his fellows and bravely uttering,—now and then—the words of some forgotten hero, or perhaps we might better say, the forgotten words of some hero. Passing one room, we might see some flaxen-(?) haired youth calling the Romans to arms as he looked vaguely out of the windows with a far-away stare in his eyes. Perhaps he could see Tarquin and his ar-

mored host appearing in the distance in a cloud of dust—or was it only a laborer at work on a telegraph-pole across the street. In the next room we might catch a fleeting glimpse of an unfortunate youth bending over the death-bed of some "stalwart warrior," or "brave Douglas" or perhaps a "coward caitiff." The chances are, we should see him too overcome by his emotions to speak,—or was it just a temporary lapse of memory? In the next room would be some veteran of the Crimean War, doubtless relating that somewhat new (?) sketch entitled, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." As he reached the climax of his recital, however, strength, words, memory,—*something*,—would fail him and ignominious retreat—to his seat, would follow,—to be continued. Take a trip along the corridors one of these days and hear the last sad words of valiant heroes long since passed away. What you hear will certainly play upon your feelings—one way or another. It's almost as good as "Seeing Boston."

ALUMNI NOTES.

F. S. Wyner, B. L. S., '07, has won an honorable mention at Harvard for the Bowdoin Prizes, and has also been ranked as a scholar of the first group.

Edward Victor Hickey, '05, won the James Gordon Bennet Prize for 1908-09, for an essay entitled, "The Private Car System of the United States."

J. W. Finkel, G. D. Howie, E. W. Supple, all B. L. S., '07, and W. H. J. Kennedy, C. E. Maguire, and R. Wiener, all B. L. S., '08, have been ranked as scholars of the second group at Harvard.

Silbert, I. A. Wyner, and J. J. McGinley, B. L. S., '09, have become members of the Freshman Debating Society at Harvard.

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